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I mentioned some time since that a patent had been taken out for a new steam or vapour power—nothing practical seems yet to have been attempted with it. The principle appears to be this:—An ethereal mixture is prepared, and this being placed over a lamp, a powerful vapour is produced, which acts in the way of ordinary steam, but with more force. This vapour is not suffered to escape, but, when it has done its work, it is recondensed by means of a peculiar apparatus into fluid, and this being again heated, another vapour is thrown off, and so on until the strength has been all lost, which, according to the statement of the patentee, is not very speedily the case. The great difficulty seems to be in obtaining vessels sufficiently tight to hold so active an agent. It is not probable that this difficulty will be got over without some new discoveries as to the mode of preparing metals. At present any engine worked with this gas, would, I think, be attended with danger. We have nothing of Mr. Gurney's steam carriages; the probability is, that they will not be fit for the road for several months to come, if, indeed, they can be brought to perfection even then.

This is to be a grand skirmishing day at the Literary Union Club, Mr. Campbell and his Scotch friends will muster strong, but Crofton Croker, (just married,) and a host of green Erin boys are of the opposition. It is an absurd struggle, and the chairman ought to give way. The great point in dispute is, as to whether cards should be allowed; I cannot see why cards or billiards, or any other game under proper restrictions should be excluded.

To the Editor of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

SIR—As it must be always interesting to trace those labours by which the zealous biographer seeks to obtain the requisite materials for embalming the remains of some learned and good man, I shall offer no apology in placing at your disposal the following letter of James Boswell, the biographer of Johnson; it was written soon after the decease of Johnson, in answer to an offer of assistance made by the late J. C. Walker, Esq. of this city.

London, 1st July, 1785.

“ SIR—I am much obliged to you for your polite attention, in offering to collect for me, among the literati of Dublin, such private letters of Doctor Johnson as have been preserved. All that you can send me will be very acceptable, for it is my design in writing the life of that great and good man, to put, as it were, into a Mausoleum, all of his precious remains that I can gather. Be pleased, Sir, to transmit your packets for me, to the care of Mr. Dilly, bookseller, London.

“ I should ill deserve the liberal aid you are to afford me, did I not endeavour to procure for you in return, what communications I can get for your Historical Memoirs of the Bards and Music of Ireland. I myself am very ill-informed upon that subject, but when I get back to Scotland, which will be some time in autumn next, my exertions shall not be wanting.

“ I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.”

That our prince of biographers should have been tempted to extend his researches to Dublin, will cease to excite surprize, when we reflect, that amongst the numerous ardent lovers of

literature of the day, are to be found the names of Leland, Ledwich, Vallancey, O'Conor, Falkiner, Boyd, Berwick, Eccles, and others; that Moira House was no mean type of what Holland House now is, and, that though they could not boast a Literary Gazette, yet they had their Anthologia.

I remain, Sir, with great respect, yours,
JUVENIS.

To the Editor of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

SIR—A passage in the ninth number of your Gazette, justly vindicates for the *Alma Mater* of Dublin, the honor attendant upon the affiliation of Dr. Thomas Leland. I remember to have been told, in my boyhood, that he was the son of a staymaker; and my informant, who resided in Dublin, had frequently, in his own house, been a witness of the exultation which the elder Leland manifested in the possession of such a son. The following anecdote respecting our distinguished countryman may not be unacceptable.

“ In this year [1773], Dr. Leland, published his history of Ireland, and Richard Shackleton received a letter, with the signature of the author, requesting his opinion of the work. The style of the letter gave no very favourable promise of the abilities of the historian. R. S. sent a civil reply, disclaiming any pretensions to critical judgment, and soon after received the following letter from the real author.”

I annex the mock epistle, which has never yet been published: the short but interesting correspondence to which it gave rise, may be seen in the work,* from which the above extract is taken.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c. &c.

Z.

Mr. Shackleton, Ballitore.

DEAR SIR—Your character in the literary world being well known, and your judgment much admired, I must beg your opinion of my History of Ireland. Candidly point out what passages you may think are too obscurely or rather poorly expressed: in short, your thoughts upon the whole will be pleasing: perhaps you'll think the request rather out of the way, but it is from one who shall esteem an acquaintance with you as the highest honour, even a correspondence.

I remain, dear sir, with great esteem and true respect, your very humble servant,

THOMAS LELAND.

Trinity College, 24th June, 1773.

* Mary Leadbeater's “Memoirs and Letters of Richard and Elizabeth Shackleton.”

DUELLING.

We were sitting in our library lately, ruminating, among many other bitter fancies, upon a late disastrous and fatal occurrence which has given so much pain and sorrow to many in our city, when we chanced to cast our eye upon Lord Bacon's celebrated charge against duels. As the evil is one which arises chiefly from paying more and higher regard to the law of man's opinion, than to the law of God's will, we thought it might not be unuseful to bring before the public eye, the recorded sentiments of one who has been celebrated as the wisest of mankind, upon the subject; among barbarians the custom of single combat may have been a step in the progress towards civilization, among civilized men it is certainly a

remnant or vestigium of barbarism, which even human wisdom ought to be sufficient to see the necessity of eradicating. Lord Bacon condemns it thus:

“ Again, my Lords, it is a miserable effect, when young men full of towardness and hope, such as the poets call ‘auroræ filii,’ sons of the morning, in whom the expectation and comfort of their friends consisteth, shall be cast away and destroyed in such a vain manner, but much more it is to be deplored, when so much noble and genteel blood should be spilt upon such follies, as, if it were adventured in the field in service of the king and realm, were able to make the fortune of a day, and to change the fortune of a kingdom. So as your lordships see what a desperate evil this is, it troubleth peace, it disfurnisheth war, it bringeth calamity upon private men, peril upon the state, and contempt upon the land. Touching the causes of it, the first motive, no doubt, is a false and erroneous imagination of honor and credit, and therefore the king doth most aptly and excellently call them bewitching duels; for, if we judge of it truly, it is no better than a sorcery that enchanteth the spirits of young men, that bear great minds with a false shew, ‘species falsa,’ and a kind of satanical illusion and apparition of honor, against religion, against law, against moral virtue, and against the precedents and examples of the best times and valiantest nations. But then the seed of this mischief being such, it is nourished by vain discourses, and green and unripe conceits, which nevertheless have so prevailed, as though a man were staid and sober minded, and a right believer, touching the vanity and unlawfulness of these duels, yet the stream of vulgar opinion is such, as it imposeth a necessity upon men of value to conform themselves, or else there is no living or looking upon mens' faces; so that we have not to do in this case, so much with particular persons, as with unsound and depraved opinions, like the dominations and spirits of the air, which the Scripture speaketh of; hereunto may be added, that men have almost lost the true notion and understanding of fortitude and valour. For, fortitude distinguisheth of the grounds of quarrels, whether they be just, and not only so, but whether they be worthy, and setteth a better price upon mens' lives, than to bestow them idly! nay, it is weakness and dis-esteem of a man's self, to put a man's life upon such light performances; a man's life is not to be trifled away, it is to be offered up and sacrificed to honorable services, public merits, good causes, and noble adventures. It is in expense of blood, as it is in expense of money; it is no liberality to make a profusion of money upon every vain occasion, nor no more is it fortitude to make effusion of blood, except the cause be of worth.”

PERE LA CHAISE.

“ To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die.”

THERE are few objects in Paris so calculated to excite the stranger's interest as the cemetery of Pere la Chaise; it is even more than interest, it amounts to delight and admiration. Previously to his visit, he had formed an imaginary sketch of this enchanting spot, he had concluded that its utmost beauty did not equal Westminster, for that in his opinion was unrivalled, he thought that it stood isolated, that it was unique; and he expected to find Pere la